

understood. She never would. She doesn't see through our eyes. I pray to God she never will, for we've all made a pretty rotten mess of it among us, and the reckoning has come!"

When he would have passed through the doorway she ran forward and laid her hand on his arm.

"Ted!" she cried, and all her woman's heart was in her eyes. "I don't like the way you speak or the way you look. It isn't the end of everything. It can't be! Promise me you won't——"

He smiled queerly.

"I hadn't thought of it, honour bright. Good-bye, just now. I'm glad you've forgiven me—at least, I think you have by the look in your eyes. Good-bye, old girl."

He went out rather quickly, and Anna Helder, conscious of nothing but her intense misery, threw herself on the sofa and wept her heart out among the cushions.

Cyril thought a good deal about Ted Charters as the train ran down into Surrey. Never had he liked him so well. If possible, he determined to give him a leg up. He would take an early opportunity of talking to Kathleen and of getting things patched up between them. *Their* case was not hopeless, as they were both alive, and Anna Helder had done her worst.

Having come to this conclusion, Cyril lit a cigarette, opened out the *Morning Post*, and, among the political intelligence, in which he now took some interest, he learned that Dick Bygrave was to contest East Breen as a Labour candidate.

He sat staring at the paragraph a good while, and his face settled into a kind of grim determination. The look was still on his face when he got out at Wreford Junction and saw Clare on the platform. He had wired early in the morning, so that her presence there was no surprise.

"I didn't let them send the car, for it's a fine morn-